

30 Day OTP Challenge. by orphan_account

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Summary:

A series of short fics following the relationship between Steve Harrington & the reader, inspired by the 30-Day OTP Challenge on Tumblr.

1. Prompt One: Meeting.

Author's Note:

"Day One, Meeting: The first time your OTP met. Introduced through a mutual friend? An accident?"

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"Come on, just open you mother-" You rattled the lock to your locker in the hopes that it would finally give you what you wanted and just open, it had been at least five minutes since you had first tried to open the damn thing and from that point on a variation of muttered curse words and banging on the door trying to get it to open. It was your first day at Hawkins High and you weren't particularly fond of the idea of having to carry all your new books around with you all day, when you first arrived you had been given a map of the building, your class timetable and then a small piece of paper with your locker number scribbled on it. With a sigh, you leant forward and rested your forehead against the cold metal even though you knew how strange you must have looked to the students passing by.

"Woah, you've really got a mouth on you." A voice from beside you made you jump backwards and try to compose yourself, especially when you got a good look at who was speaking. You didn't know any names, barely managing to remember which teacher was teaching you what but you did know that the boy in front of you was cute. There was an awkward silence between you as he waited for you to speak and you tried to come up with something to say but inevitably got nothing as in your head you were too busy cringing over how weird you must have looked. "Y'know this is my locker, right?" Clearly, you didn't. As he stepped forward towards the locker you took a step back, awkwardly tugging on the sleeves of your cardigan while watching as with ease the cute stranger unlocked the locker and opened the door.

The books that you were trying to put into the locker sat in a neat pile on the floor, along with your bag which at some point you had just let slip off of your shoulder in pure frustration. After a few

moments of hesitation you bend down and quickly gathered up your things in your arms, all you'd wanted was to avoid looking strange on your first day and yet you'd got yourself caught trying to break into someone's locker. When you straightened up with your arms filled with books and your bag hanging from the bend of your elbow you realised that the guy who's locker you'd been spitting profanities was looking at you, not like you were strange or anything but rather fondly. You didn't really know what to do, choosing to glance back down at the crumbled piece of paper in your hands with the locker number on it instead of continuing with the awkward eye contact.

"What's your name?" He asked with curiosity lacing his voice, no one else had shown even a hint of interest in you which hadn't been an issue for you at all as you'd rather be lonely than a target for some popular person's vendetta but there was something comforting about the acknowledgement. For all you knew this guy could be a total asshole as his appearance was leading you along that path but he was nice enough to get you to answer his question. "I'm Steve, and I'm gonna guess that you're new?" Steve spoke after you told him your name, he knew everyone in the school and in turn everyone knew him so if there was a stranger around he considered it sort of his duty to get to know them, especially when they were cute.

"Yeah, um, sorry 'bout your locker. I wasn't...wailing on it on purpose, guess they gave me the wrong number." With the intention of that being the end of the conversation because you still needed to find the locker that was actually yours, you smiled politely at him and started to walk away but as you past him Steve reached down and grabbed the note you were holding loosely between your fingers. When you looked back at him he was leaning back against the row of lockers, examining the note with over-exaggerated interest and what could only be described as the typical popular boy stance; cocky, know it all smile on his lips and an overly relaxed posture. After a few seconds of him reading and you glaring at him Steve straighten up and shoved the note into his jacket pocket, quickly running his hand through his hair before walking forwards and as though he was a magnet, you followed.

"It's the right number but the wrong place, y'don't need to try to break into my stuff to know you're new here." Steve said and you just

hummed softly in response, trying to keep up with his confident stride while also balancing your books in your arms. He noticed how you were struggling and stopped dead centre of the hall and reached over and took three books off of the pile, smiling to himself over the look of relief that came over your face. "You don't need all these books, I don't know who told you that but they're lying."

"The school told me?" You frowned while Steve laughed, your arms ached less than they were before but now you were just plain annoyed over the possibility that you didn't have to be lugging them around, that you didn't have to get them all in the first place. "Hey, for all I know you're just trying to sabotage me. These could be essential to my learning experience and you're trying to get me to dump them." By the time you finished talking you realised just how much you were now smiling, it was the hardest you'd smiled since you moved to Hawkins.

Once you drew your attention away from Steve and looked around you realised just how many people were looking at you, they were trying to be sneaky but when you met their eyes they looked away. Back at your previous school the only people who got stares like this were the popular kids, the ones who got everything they wanted and the rest of the school were simultaneously jealous and scared of them. If Steve turned out to be one of those popular kids then that wouldn't surprise you, he carried himself like one and had that confidence about him that the average teenage didn't have without having some kind of popularity. You could only hope he didn't turn out a jerk, so far he was the only person to bother speaking to you and you didn't want to have to spend the rest of the year avoiding him because he did something wrong.

"Just trying to help out, promise." Something about him just made you want to believe his words, you weren't sure what it was or whether or not his was his attempt at charming but whatever it was it was working. You rounded the corner and Steve pulled out the paper with the locker number and combination on it, he walked ahead towards the lockers and started scanning across the little numbers etched into the metal. As he looked for the right number, you leant against the rest of the lockers similarly to how he had and watched him. It was more likely than not that because no one had

tried to befriend you or even say hi you had become weary of any act of kindness. Steve didn't have to walk you across school and help you out, yet he had and you wanted to understand his motives.

"So you're just a nice guy?" Steve sniggered at your accusing tone and rather than trying to convince you that he had no bad intentions he instead unlocked the door to your locker and started to put your books in, first the ones in his arms and then the ones in yours. Once he was satisfied he shut the door and handed you back the note, his fingers brushed against your own briefly before you pulled back and shoved the paper into your pocket along with your hand. He was standing close enough now that you could see the details of his features better, like the occasional freckle decorating his skin or how soft his hair looked even if arguably a little ridiculous. You swallowed the lump in your throat and glanced around you, crossing your arms over your chest since you no longer had your books as a cover.

"Something wrong with nice guys?" Before you had the chance to reply the bell rung, it was so abrupt that you jumped in surprise, immediately after the shock past by it was replaced with embarrassment and the urge to act cool. Steve didn't laugh like you expected, he smiled a little but seemed more endeared than anything else. "You should get to class, don't want to get into trouble do you?" He too had class but had found himself something far more interesting, why rush to class when he could stand there watching you get progressively more flustered. You on the other hand weren't trying to have your first impressions with your teachers be all bad and decided to take his advice.

"See you around, Steve." You smiled before turning quickly on your heel and heading towards your next class, the kindness from this stranger though small still running through your mind and would do so for the rest of the day. Steve watched as you darted around the corner and disappear from sight, letting a small sigh out before beginning to walk in the opposite direction to his own class.

Lunch came around quicker than expected, you thought that class would take a forever to finish but you decided that because you didn't have any friends around to distract you it was easier to become absorbed into your work. The no friends thing however didn't help

you when it came choosing somewhere to sit, every table was packed with their own individual group and the thought of interpreting and making things awkward was more terrifying than the idea of sitting alone. Someone yelling your name caught your attention and after scanning across the room for a few seconds your eyes eventually landed on Steve who was waving you over, he was sat with his friends who as you expected were beautiful and perfect looking and yet he was trying to get you to come sit with him.

Maybe you didn't have to be as alone as you felt, maybe some were just nice because they wanted to be and not because they had some ulterior motive. You smiled and walked towards his table, Steve already in the process of introducing you to his friends before you sat down.

2. Prompt Two: Realisation.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Two, Realization: The first time a member of your OTP (or both members!) realized they had feelings for the other. "

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"I can't believe you roped me into this." You mumbled, shoving your hands deep into your jacket pocket as you walked alongside Steve towards the bowling alley. Somehow, with his stupid smile and dumb puppy eyes he had convinced you into helping him out babysitting, now you'd never seen a babysitter take a gaggle of six kids bowling just because they wanted to and maybe that was why you'd said yes. He'd never really explained how he himself had got involved with these kids, you just sort of assumed that perhaps he owed Nancy a favour once and then he got attached. It seemed like a very Steve thing to do, he was far more sentimental than he would ever admit out loud, god forbid he for a second look liked he actually cared.

"What? You aren't in the mood to kick a bunch of thirteen year old's asses at bowling? What'd you do for fun then?" Steve chuckled to himself through the cigarette loosely hanging out of his mouth, that was until you reached over and plucked it from between his lips. At first he thought you were just going to smoke it yourself but you swiftly dropped it onto the floor and twisted it into the ground beneath your foot. You swore that he only smoked because he knew you hated it, the smell lurked around and more often than not you'd end up coughing and spluttering as it entered your lungs. It also ended up masking the scent of whatever aftershave Steve used, though you hadn't told him that as it felt strangely intimate and you didn't want to give him the wrong idea.

"Studying, which is what I should be doing." You choose to ignore the way that Steve rolled his eyes because at least he opened the door for you, the inside of the building wasn't that much warmer than being outside or even in Steve's car but at least you could feel the

difference. There was a sickly sweet smell in the air, slush puppies packed with food colouring and sugar that would leave any kid on a sugar high and yet out of the corner of your eye you spotted Steve growing through his wallet to get what you assumed was the money to pay for the kids to play and also to get them drinks. You smiled at the thought of how much he cared about these kids when he didn't have to, it would be so easy to cancel or distance himself and yet he continued to look after them.

You walked around the corner and spotted the group busy trying to get their shoes, El and Mike were sat on a bench putting theirs on while the rest of the kids stood at the counter, Dustin and Lucas speaking over one another while trying to tell the teenager who clearly wanted to be out with his friends on this Friday night not working what their shoe sizes were. This was going to be the first time you'd actually spent time with the group as a group, not just Dustin in the backseat of Steve's car on the way to school or with Max after getting her away from her abusive asshole of a brother. Steve walked up casually and slid the notes over the counter to the teenager who gave him an almost jealous before taking a look, you hovered a little further behind and just watched until Will spotted you after getting his shoes.

"Hey, (Y/N)." Will said with a shy smile before walking over to the bench where Mike was and sat down beside him. He was a good kid, they all were in their own ways. Your experience with kids wasn't that great, maybe a few interactions here and there but if you had learnt anything from the more recent ones it was that interacting with them like just normal people and not constantly thinking of them as being younger was the way to go. You smiled in response before realising that everyone else had now seen you from behind Steve and turned in your direction.

"Told you he'd bring her." Lucas stated before picking his shoes up and turning to lean against the counter, his words made you blush in way that only happened around Steve or with things relating to him, not only did your cheeks physically heat up but it felt as though a swarm of butterflies had been released into your stomach. You told yourself it wasn't because you had a crush, it was easier to believe that it was in fact just because you were glad to be his friend than to

deal with the drama and hurt that liking someone brought along. As if he sensed the slightest change in your behaviour despite not even looking at you, Steve quickly tried to divert the attention off of you.

“Hey, shut it. Someone needs to keep you shitheads in order, I’m outnumbered. Now what flavors do you all want, we haven’t got all day.” Steve quickly changed the subject as to get the attention off of you, also because he didn’t want to explain to a bunch of thirteen year olds why he had actually brought you along with him. It wasn’t even that he didn’t think they would understand, Lucas and Max were sort of a thing now as were Mike and El, it was more that he didn’t want to explain it to you.

A few minutes later after having to painstakingly order everyone’s drinks (Dustin decided he wanted to mix flavours and of course then everyone wanted to) and then organise the order in which their names would come up on screen, you were all finally sat down at the lane. There were only six chairs and you opted to let all the kids sit together and you instead perched on the tabletop above where all the bowling balls sat. On her first throw Max managed to get a strike and that didn’t seem to surprise anyone, with a proud and smug smile she strolled back over to her seat and nudged her shoulder against Lucas’s. You were so focused on watching them interact that Steve sitting down next to you made you jump, a growing theme between the two of you.

“Didn’t know if you wanted one so I just got your favourite flavour.” Steve said casually as he placed the cherry slushie down between the two of you, rubbing the moisture from the cup off onto his thigh. It hadn’t occurred to him that you’d never actually told him that you liked cherry things, it felt as though it was something he had just always known, a little trinket of information nuzzled in the back of his head but Steve knowing this information about you was surprising. He was a curious guy and had asked you plenty of questions in the time that you’d known one another but that was not one of them, you would have remembered because at least when he first started asking stuff you had made sure to pick your answers very carefully.

“How’d you know cherry was my favourite?” Steve smiled to himself before glancing over to you once you picked up the drink, his eyes

dropping to your lips briefly as you sipped through the straw before he realised how obvious he was being and met your gaze once again. The sound of pins hitting the ground broke the moment and you quickly looked away, still sipping at the slushie just so you had something to do rather than sit there blatantly embarrassed.

“When we went to the store you spent like, five, ten minutes looking for cherry lip balm. You’ve got to like something a lot to spent that long on it.” Once the silence settled down Steve finally answered your question, he kept his eyes forward as though he were paying any attention at all to the game and not the thoughts of kissing you rattling around in his head. There was something that had been holding him back from actually saying or doing the things he wanted with you, a barrier in his brain trying to stop him from getting hurt like he had been last time. It wasn’t as though the second he laid eyes on you some flip switch and it was love at first sight, he didn’t believe in nonsense like that but falling in love, that slow build up of knowledge and gestures, hours stacking up on each other until it all hit him like a brick wall - that he believed in.

Despite the growing risk of brain freeze you continued to lazily slip away, swinging your dangling legs off the edge of the counter top. You watched as Mike helped El position herself and show her how to throw the ball, she tried and failed and the group laughed and groaned as they had to watch the ball slowly roll down the lane until it eventually fell into the gutter. The ball however did not come back round and almost like he knew they were going to ask for his help, Steve sighed and reached down under the ground and rummaged around for the lightest ball before slotting his fingers into the holes and hopped off of the counter. You watched as he walked over and handed the ball over to Dustin whose turn it was next, Steve ruffled his hair quickly and gave him some advice on how to throw the ball before turning and walking back over to you.

“You’re really good with them.” It was true, each day you spent with Steve it was as though whatever amour he’d built up for himself would get chipped away a little more. He tried to act tough, like he didn’t care or were too cool other trivial things that people like you cared about but it was all a show. He cared, a lot. He cared about those kids enough to bring them bowling, he cared about his grades

and spoke to you often about how he was worried he wasn't smart enough to get the ones he needed, he cared about what he was going to do once he left school and he cared about you, you didn't remember the flavour lip balm someone unless you gave even a remote shit about them.

You sat there for the rest of the game and another after that, being personal cheerleaders for everyone and when someone went to go pee you would take turns tapping in and playing for them. Ever so often his hand would brush yours as you both went for the slushie, Steve would just stick his now red tongue out at you and let you take it first. That night you lay in bed smiling at the thoughts of the laughs shared and the slightly sour flavour of cherry lingering ever so slightly on your lips. You could only relate the flavour back to Steve now and it made you love it even more, the thoughts of what his lips tasted like being your last ones before falling asleep.

3. Prompt One: The Reveal.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Three, The Reveal: When your OTP confessed their feelings. Or were their feelings originally a secret until someone else intervened?"

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For the first time since you'd moved to Hawkins you woke up on your own accord, not because of your alarm clock or because of someone screaming at you from the bottom of the stairs that you had school. Everything was peaceful, so much so that it almost felt as though you hadn't woken up at all and were still in a dream, everything warm and light and tranquil. There were other reasons why things were so good, one of them being asleep in the spare bedroom across the hall. With your parents out of town for the weekend Steve had taken it upon himself to make sure that you weren't just sat at home alone, he'd even promised to come and study if it meant you agreed. It wasn't like it was going to be different than any other day anyway, the months since you met had gone by and with each passing day you got closer and closer.

A small part of you had wondered if he had something planned like a party or some other hectic activity but Friday night he turned up at your front door with his books clutched to his chest and a smug smile on his face. Granted, he had snuck a bottle of some alcohol you didn't care to learn the name of into his backpack but that had quickly been snatched away from him and he was only allowed some when he answered one of your quiz questions back. Despite being in your new house for a few months it had yet to feel like home, yet splayed out on the carpeted living room floor with a sea of textbooks around you, tipsy smiles and giggles dancing around the room; that was the closest to home it had ever felt.

Together you stayed up until the early hours of the morning, there must have been parties going on that Steve could have gone to and he had chose to come and stay with you. There was part of you that

still didn't quite understand what it was that he saw in you, not because you didn't think you were worthy to be friends with his majesty but rather he had so many people who wanted his attention, what was bringing him to you over all of them. You'd heard the stories, Steve might not run the school like he used to but he was still a bigshot and knowing that he willingly chose you over everyone else, well it did nothing but intensify the newly discovered feelings you had for him. Eventually the urge to sleep became too strong and with shaky knees and blushing cheeks you led him up to where he'd be sleeping.

The logical side of your brain had convinced you that letting Steve sleep in your room wasn't the best idea, he didn't argue and took the spare bedroom with grace. Something you had learnt about tipsy Steve was that he got even more handsy than he was when sober, your room was only down the hall and yet he still insisted to give you a hug before you left, his hands warm on your lower back and his head resting on top of your own. You weren't sure whether or not he was swaying gently on purpose or if that was just the alcohol's effect but you did know that being in his arms was starting to feel like the safest place on the planet. From the way he smelt to the warmth he radiated, his large palms flat on your back keeping you pressed to him.

Until you managed to lull yourself to sleep, the memory of his aftershave and breathe tickling your scalp spun around you like a carousel, if you weren't so scared of ruining the one friendship you had then maybe you would have looked up at him, still swaying together as though there were music playing and not just the sounds of your breathing and Steve's gentle humming as he held you, maybe you would have told him. You were practically dating as it was, he would throw his arm around your shoulder as you walked down the hallways and defend you if anyone dare say anything less than positive about you. He brought you babysitting where the kids weren't surprised that he did so, meaning he must have talked about you a lot to them or they paid attention to things more than you might have expected. Steve did all those stereotypical boyfriend things but the only thing that was missing was confirmation of something more than just a friendship. Other benefits came along with that of course, you felt like a cliché schoolgirl getting breathless

at the thought of kissing him.

Little did you know that across the hall in the spare bedroom with unpacked boxes in the corners, with the smell of dust and lavender air spray heavy in the air, Steve was thinking about the same thing. His track record with relationships wasn't great, something about his crave for intimacy made him both a good boyfriend and a bad one, at least that was what a few exes had told him. He so desperately wanted to be with someone, do make them smile and do all that cheesy romantic bullshit but he always ended up with people who needed different things. Steve didn't want to risk his heart again when it had been broken the last time he opened up to someone; there was something within him telling him that for you, the risk just might be worth it.

The morning came and you stared across at your door, pulled to but not closed completely so you could hear if Steve decided to creep around the house or something like that. While your bed was warm and was best at tempting you to stay cuddled up in its cosiness for a little longer, what sounded even more appealing was breakfast especially after what you had drank the night before. With a yawn you threw the covers back and peered over to your alarm clock, it was half nine which considering you got up at six every day to get ready for school made it the best lay in you'd had in years. The soft carpet tickled your toes as you stood up and stretched your arms over your head, your lower back and arms letting go of the tenseness they'd clutched close during the night.

You walked out of your bedroom with the intention of going downstairs and seeing what there was left for breakfast but the sound of soft snoring caught your attention first, the spare bedroom door was left also slightly ajar and the undeniably cute sounds of Steve snoring drifted through it. Slowly, as to avoid the creaky floorboards, you walked down the hallway and to the bedroom before pushing the door open enough to peak your head through. The first thing that caught your eye was Steve's back which was facing towards you, his shirt and jeans were left discarded on the floor and with the light streaming in through the window you could see each freckle kissing his skin. Saying they were like constellations was cheesy but it was what they looked like, a story playing out across his flaw-free skin

that was begging to be read.

After swallowing your nerves, you gently knocked on the door to alert Steve of your presence, he did not flinch and continued to snore peacefully to himself. You didn't want to jolt him out of his sleep abruptly which was what led to the next idea that dropped into your mind, the nerves that you'd tried to bite back immediately returning. This was your best friend, there was nothing to be nervous about yet the sight of his back all bathed in sunlight made your heart flutter from within your chest. After a minute or two of debating whether or not you should go wake him up you finally decided to just go in, slowly still as to not disturb him but when you made it over to his bed you perched on the side. His snoring stopped for a few seconds when you first sat down but started back up again after a few moments, as did your breathing which you had been holding.

"Steve?" The first time speaking after sleep was always a little difficult, your voice smaller than usual and a little rough and not enough to wake him. Now you were closer to him you could study the freckles on his back with better detail, this wasn't the first time you had seen him with his shirt off but like this there was no role he was playing, no silly remark for when he caught you staring. You didn't bother even wondering for a second whether or not he knew how beautiful he was, surely he'd had plenty of people tell him that, enough to fuel his ego for life. He was though, he was beautiful. With a hand as delicate as a teacup, you reached out and ever so slightly traced a line of freckles down his spine, almost feeling the bones beneath his skin.

He was so warm, his skin beneath the brush of your fingertips felt like velvet which you knew was only because your mind was clouded by sleep and was making everything out better than it probably was; yet you allowed yourself to be in awe. It was only when Steve started to turn over that you snatched your hand away, unsure whether or not you should get up but it didn't matter because you were frozen in place. Steve rolled onto his back and then stretched out, toes curling and his back arching ever so slightly for a few seconds before he lay back on the bed. His eyes had yet to open which you took as meaning you could still leave without having to explain why you had just been admiring him like some piece of artwork, you stood up carefully from

the bed but jumped when a hand grabbed your own.

“Don’t go.” Steve spoke softly, sounding as though he was battling a cold even though it was just the heavy blanket of sleep laying over his voice. He hadn’t grabbed you hard, his touch was remarkably soft and almost like he was cradling your hand within his own. Even if you had wanted to, there was nothing that could have made you say no to his request, so you did as he said and sat back down on the edge of the bed. It was only then that he peeked his eyes open, not too wide because of the sun but just enough to look at you. “Lay with me?”

“Are you sure?”

Steve chuckled, it was raspy and low in his throat and you’d never heard him sound quite like it. He nodded his head in response to your question before moving over, giving you the majority of the bed while he laid practically against the wall. It still felt as though you were in that dream, everything too perfect, something you’d never experienced until you met Steve and then it was as though the world decided to continue her kindness. You smiled down at him before laying back down on the bed, it was far less comfortable than your own but being next to Steve made it far more appealing. Before turning and rolling into his embrace you glanced over to him and caught him already looking at you, words didn’t need to be shared for you both to know what was happened; when you know someone so well language is just a hindrance.

He sighed happily into your hair once you turned and faced him, your arms slotting around his waist as he did the same to you. Breakfast could wait, for all you cared you’d have pancakes for dinner because now that you were back in his arms again you had no intention of leaving anytime soon; it was when you felt a soft kiss get pressed to the top of your head that you knew the feeling was mutual. Together you dozed off again, thoughts of the adventures to come the best lullaby anyone could ask for.

4. Prompt One: First Date.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Four, First Date: Your OTP's first date. Where'd they go? Did the date go well or go horribly?"

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"Didn't know you could cook." You mumbled as you walked into the kitchen, a yawn fighting its way out of your mouth despite covering it with your hand. It was a little past ten in the morning which meant your record of longest lie in's had been broken, never had you been allowed to sleep for that long but when your house was free from parental figures and instead was just you and your best friend who was also now sort of your boyfriend, and Steve enjoyed a good lie in. Yet when you had awoken that morning he was not beside you, you'd fallen asleep together on the couch as walking up the stairs seemed like too much exercise for your tired bodies. Surprisingly you managed to have a good night's sleep though you thanked Steve for that, he was very comfy to lay on and worked like a hot water bottle so the lack of blankets didn't matter.

Steve turned around when he heard your voice, he had concentrating so hard on the recipe in front of him that he hadn't heard you walk in. For the two days that Steve had stayed with you it had been you who'd prepared the food, none of it a masterpiece but a meal was a meal even if it came out of the microwave. A realisation had hit him that he'd never cooked for someone, he would pay for the bill if they went out and he sort of felt like that was the same thing but it just wasn't. There was something domestic about cooking that Steve hadn't felt before, he wasn't particularly good at measuring things out and had cut the tip of his thumb while slicing up strawberries but it was all still fun. He smiled at the sleepy sight of you but didn't comment on it, instead just turned back around to face the batter he was stirring.

"I can't, but I'm willing to learn!" Steve said cheerily, glancing over to the cookbook he had found after a few minutes of snooping around

your kitchen (he'd also found a photo album tucked away on top of the cupboards but he was saving that discovery for later) to make sure he was doing everything right. You yawned once more before walking over to Steve, once by his side you leant against him, resting your head against his arm while watching him whisk away at the batter. With your parents returning from their trip later that day you wanted to make do with the time you had left with Steve, it wasn't as though you were never going to see him again but certainly not in this way, the sweet domestic bliss of it all.

"Pancakes, d'you know how to flip them?" You patted him lightly on his shoulder before shuffling over to the fridge, Steve looked over shoulder and smiled at how cosy you looked in your pyjamas. He rolled your eyes at your question and scooped up the bowl into his arms, walking over to the stove where a frying pan was sitting on the top. In reality, no he did not know how but he'd seen it done plenty of times on TV so it couldn't be that difficult. Even if it was difficult, the fact that you were going to be watching made him determined to nail it on the first attempt.

"As I said, babe, I'm ready to learn." Steve mumbled while fiddling with the gas switch, he was concentrating so hard on not accidentally catching his hair aflame that he didn't realise the slip of the pet name. You however, with two glasses of orange juice in hand, did notice. It wasn't surprising to hear a nickname come from his lips, he was just that kind of guy but he'd never called you an affectionate name like that. Usually his nicknames were slightly teasing, just trying to get a reaction out of you which they often did but this one was just purely sweet. You almost preferred it to him saying your actual name, which was a lot considering how much you loved how much he said it.

You sat down at the table and placed Steve's glass down before taking a sip of your own, leaning back in your chair was the only way you could see past him and at what you expected to be a disaster of a first pancake so that was what you did. The look of pure concentration on his face was adorable, his brows furrowed as he waited for the now buttered up pan to heat up and his teeth gritted as he hissed after pouring the batter into the hot pan. It was impossible not to giggle while watching Steve look around

desperately for a spatula after realising his mistake in not having one, he too looked adorable in his sweatpants and old t-shirt both of which were a little too baggy on him, you knew this because he kept stepping on the bottoms of his pants when he walked.

“Babe, huh? I swore you’d be more of a sweet cheeks kind of guy.” You only commented on the pet name as Steve went to flip the pancake, it was fun to mess with him since he could be so cocky and quick witted at times but this time you caught him off guard. He went to flip but instead of the whole pancake flipping over, only one edge did and Steve cursed under his breath before attempting it twice more, it was on the third attempt that he managed to flip it onto the other side. Only after he exclaimed in excitement and then recovered did he reply, acting as though everything had gone to plan.

“Don’t like babe? That’s okay, I’ve got plenty. How about baby? Sweetheart? Princess? Angel Face? Sunshine of my life?” Steve continued to rail off pet names as he checked both sides of the pancake, unsure whether or not it was fully cooked but it looked like it was so he just went along with it. He slid the pancake from the pan down onto the plate, for his first attempt it came out pretty good and you could tell he was proud of himself from that dumb smug smile he had plastered over his face when he walked over to the table and placed the plate in front of you. It wasn’t only the pancake though, he’d cut up strawberries because he recalled the story you told of the pancakes you used to have as a kid and even brought over sugar and whipped cream. “Eat up.” He ruffled your already messy bed hair before leaning down and pressing a kiss to the top of your head, his hand lingering cradling your head for a few seconds until he went back to his mess of a counter to make some more.

“Y’know, this might be the best first date ever.” The whole room smelt amazing and your stomach growled at the scent, desperately trying to tell you to just shut up and eat what was in front of you. Steve scoffed but you paid him no mind, too busy sprinkling sugar and strawberries over your pancake and then attempting to roll it all up to make it easier to eat. The pancake was slightly undercooked but apart from that it was perfect, with the strawberries you couldn’t even notice. When you turned to look at Steve he was watching you to see if he had messed up, the look of relief that came across him

when he saw you were enjoying yourself was a picture.

“This can’t be our first date, we’re just in your kitchen! A date means actually going out somewhere and...doing something!” Steve rambled on as he started to measure out the ingredients for another pancake, his stomach also growing now that food was actually in front of him and begging to be eaten. While you listened to him go on and on, you thought back to Friday and how you’d been nervous that perhaps Steve wanted something from you and yet here he was wanting to take you out on a proper date and making you strawberry pancakes just because. You felt bad for ever assuming that he had bad intentions, it was just that things were so good that you were waiting for the catch, nothing ever was this good for this long without something coming and fucking everything up. In that moment though everything was okay, it was even better than that.

“Don’t get me wrong, you’re still going to take me out. This is still our first date though.” You said with your mouth full before happily going back to indulging in all the sweetness in front of you. It was moments like this that made you understand exactly why people moved in together, why they got excited over buying new plates and spent ages picking out the perfect rug for the living room, just enjoying the company of someone you cared about with no other obligations or fears eating away, it was competing for the best feeling ever. The actual best feeling was when you got Steve to use his damn words and admit that he liked you, that was pretty damn amazing as well.

“Now hurry up, Harrington. We’ve got to clean up the mess you made before my parents get back, I don’t want them asking questions about my cute new chef just yet.”

5. Prompt Five: Reminder.

Notes for the Chapter:

Day Five, Reminder: What trinkets or items does each member of your OTP keep with them to remind them of their significant other? A gift? A photograph? Something else?

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"If school doesn't work out for you, modelling is totally an option." You grinned down at Steve who was laying beneath you, his hands resting on your hips as he looked up at you with a fond expression. As an early Christmas present, Steve had gotten you a Polaroid camera after a discussion about how the few photos you did have were lost when you moved to Hawkins, it wasn't surprising that he would get you something that not even your own family would buy you but it was still too much. His parents were well off, he could get whatever he wanted without too much thought but that wasn't your life and while you knew he hadn't bought it for you as some pity gift, it was just too nice to accept.

It took a while for Steve to convince you that you deserved something nice just because, nothing big needed to happen for him to treat you and even after arguing that it was a little more than just a treat, he refused to let you give it back. He instead began to list all the benefits to you having a camera, like all the photos of the two of you together you would now have and all the cute photos of yourself you could now give him, all the new memories you had to capture that would be worth more than the camera could ever be. You still felt slightly guilty but Steve was stubborn and he'd made some pretty convincing points.

You snapped a photo just as he smiled, the corners of his eyes creasing up ever so slightly and his smile lines were deep and adorable, his cheeks also looked the most kissable they might have ever been. It was unfair how photogenic he was, it had a lot to do with how damn cute he was and how he damn well knew it. Once the

photo printed you pulled it from the camera and waved it around for a few seconds in the hopes of speeding up the developing process. Steve just wiggled beneath you while getting comfortable, certainly not about to complain about you straddling his waist even if his neck was starting to hurt from straining up to look at you. Once the photo developed you hummed in contentment and nodded your head, briefly flipping it around so Steve could see.

“Oh, this one’s a keeper.” You said before leaning over to your bedside table and gently dropping the polaroid down along with the other one you’d taken before, Steve gently tapped you on the back of your thigh and you took that as his way of asking you to climb off of him. Once you were sat beside him, Steve took the opportunity to sit up and stretch while you fiddled around with the camera, still getting used to how it worked. He watched you quietly for a few moments, admiring the look of concentration on your face before an idea popped into his mind and he leant over and snatched the camera from your hands. “Hey!”

“You’re a keeper.” Steve smiled to himself over his joke before raising the camera and snapped a photo of you, you might not have got the chance to prepare for your photo being taken but Steve wholeheartedly believed you looked beautiful no matter what; he was your boyfriend though, it was kind of his job to think that. Even just thinking the word “boyfriend” in relation to him felt strange still, it all felt like one long winded dream that you wanted to keep going forever. Steve however felt as though calling you his girlfriend was the most natural thing in the world, he would drop the word whenever humanly possible mostly because of how it made you blush.

“Stop stealing my lines, Harrington.” You mumbled before reaching over and taking the camera from him again, he’d already taken the polaroid though and when you tried to grab it from him Steve only held it further away. Once it developed fully he peered up at it from the height he was holding it from and copied you from before, humming in contentment before swinging his legs over the side of your bed and stood up. “Come on, at least you look cute in yours!” You whined from the bed but it didn’t stop him from walking over to where he’d tossed his bag randomly and slid the photo into the front

pocket.

“It’s not stealing if we’re dating, that’s called sharing.” Steve clarified as he walked back to the bed, once he was sat back down he extended his hand and you took it, allowing him to pull you over to him so that you could perch innocently on his lap. “And you’re right, I do look cute-” He paused when you giggled, unable to stop himself from leaning in and leaving a quick peck on the cheek facing him before continuing on with what he was saying. “But you always look cute. Don’t forget it ever, okay baby?” When he’d first started talking it was clear that he was just joking around but as he went on his tone of voice got softer, he just wanted to make sure that you felt comfortable around him.

“You’re very persuasive, anyone ever told you that before?” You sighed softly and rested your head against his chest, Steve’s arms wrapped gently around you to both keep you up on his lap but also to act like a blanket, to keep you warm and safe. “Why’d you need to take the photo with you?” You said after Steve pressed a kiss to the top of your head, you knew that he’d have to leave soon and even though you’d see him the next day at school there was a bittersweet period in between where you both missed him and knew the distance would only make it better when you saw one another again.

“Why wouldn’t I want a photo of my girl with me? I’ve got to have a reminder of your cute face for when you’re not around.” Steve laughed softly as if it was the most obvious thing in the world, he already knew where he was going to put it as carrying it around with him felt a little strange. Instead when he got in his car later than night after saying goodbye, he opened up the mirror compartment above his head and slid in the polaroid there, it was a nice reminder of the relationship he had and how happy he was in it. You stored your photos in the top drawer of your bedside table, the place where all your memories would go as more and more loving moments build up when you were together.

6. Prompt Six: New to the Family.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Six, New to the Family: Each member of your OTP meeting the other's family for the first time. Does each family approve of the one dating the other? What sorts of shenanigans do they get into?"

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Steve didn't have the best relationship with his parents, his father in particular could be a mean son of a bitch and his mother often sided with him even if she knew he was wrong just so a bigger fight did not break out. No matter how hard he tried, he could be king of the whole damn country and his dad would still find things to pick at and relentlessly argue with Steve over. He wanted the son he had envisioned in his mind, not the one he had in front of him and it had taken Steve a long time to come to terms with that, with the fact he didn't need his approval and not even his mom's if she couldn't stand up for him even once. After a while it stopped feeling as though he even had a family at home, he rarely saw them and when he did an argument usually broke out so excuses were made to stay away as long as possible. Never had he brought someone home to meet his parents since if he didn't like them he didn't expect anyone else to, that was until you.

It was after you brought him over to meet your parents, granted it was only after your mom had walked into your room and saw Steve on your bed; not doing anything inappropriate, yet still not what a mother wants to see when she walks into her teenager's room. You had brought him over to introduce him as your boyfriend so he didn't just remain the strange boy who had snuck into their child's room late at night, even with that being their first impression of him after dinner and getting to actually talk to him they soon came around. Steve hadn't felt so welcomed by someone's parents ever before, not even by his own, he was even happy to get the whole "you better not hurt my kid" speech.

He pondered on whether or not he should bring you around to meet his at all, the last thing he wanted was them to treat you even a quarter as bad as they treated him and when it came down to it, he wasn't looking for their blessing or anything to date you. The only reason he eventually decided to just go for it was because he didn't want you to think that he was ashamed of you in anyway, as if his over the top public displays of affection made you think anything otherwise. Steve didn't get nervous very often but he had to admit that breaching the subject with you made his heart pound within his chest, he couldn't just walk you into his house without warning you of what went on within in but even with that knowledge, you still said yes to his offer.

Dinner with the Harrington's was an experience to say the least, the whole time his mom tried to make polite conversation across the table, asked you about your life and how school was doing, typical mom things to ask but ever so often his dad would interject with some negative comment. Stuff about how much of a so called loser Steve was back in middle school for example or telling his wife to stop prying, only to then continue with his own questions. He had no regard for his family's feelings and continued to blatantly talk down about them while he ate, because you were there Steve did not react or try and defend himself despite wanting to. You'd planned to stay for longer but after dinner Steve made up something about your parents needing you back early and escorted you out as quickly as possible.

"I'm sorry." You mumbled as you shoved your hands deep into your pockets and glared down at the ground, almost ashamed to look up at your boyfriend. The stories of what his father was like had been told to you and yet you still weren't prepared for all the blunt hatred he spewed about his own son. All that talk about how he wasn't smart enough to pass high school and would probably end up stuck in Hawkins, as if that were the worst thing in the world. He told you about how before high school Steve wasn't the cool guy he acted like he was, that he was a total loser before and it wasn't a stretch of the imagination to believe that he still saw his son like that. "I should have defended you, I...I should have said something." It was only the stuff he said about Steve that got you angry, you didn't care when he told you about all the girls he'd had up in his room (no names though

as of course Steve never let them meet) as if that were something you cared about in the slightest.

“And get him angry? No, (Y/N) it’s fine. You did what you could.” Steve shrugged lightly and pulled his car keys out of his jacket pocket, he was in no hurry to go back inside which meant he was probably going to take the long drive back to your house. But at the same time, he didn’t want to be around you if he was going to bring your mood down, he didn’t want to be like his dad. You grabbed Steve’s wrist and made him turn around to look at you, he avoided eye contact for a few seconds before he reluctantly looked down at you.

“No, it’s not fine! You don’t believe any of those thing he said, right?” By the silence you got in response it was fair to say that he did believe in them, you couldn’t say you blamed them as it looked like he was bombarded with it every living second when he was home. When you first met Steve you thought as though he had his whole life together, nothing went wrong for him and he just lived in this perfect little bubble but the more you opened up with one another, the more you realised he had his demons like everyone else. It only made you love him more, to see this vulnerable side even if he would have liked to keep it hidden.

You sighed and let go of his wrist so you could instead gently cup either side of his face, Steve looked like a kicked puppy but it wasn’t because what had been said, it was because he’d willingly invited you into that environment when he didn’t have to. Now you were caught up in the drama that was his home life, and that made him sadder than anything. All he wanted was to make things perfect for you and the night could not have gone further away from that. His thoughts were practically visible on his face and you did the only thing you knew how to do, which was to go up onto your tiptoes and kiss him gently.

“You are incredible, he’s just jealous because you’re going to live a better life than he ever could and you’re going to forget all about him once we get out of this town. He’s a mean, bitter old man and you have everything he wishes he could have. You can’t let him get inside your head, you are so much better than that.” You whispered softly after breaking the kiss, the words so quiet coming out of your mouth

but it was okay since you were only a few centimetres apart. Steve desperately wanted to believe what you were saying, it was a lot nicer than the truth so he pushed aside the bad thoughts gnawing away at him and managed a small nod. “And besides, you’ve got to be smart, you’re dating me after all- that takes good taste.”

“We? When we get out this town?” Steve said after chuckling briefly over your last comment, he didn’t want to stay in Hawkins for the rest of his life and the thought of leaving with you and going somewhere better made his chest fill with warmth. It was a comforting thought, the kind you thought about in the darkest of a times to remind yourself that there were good things around. You just smiled and fell back down onto the flats of your feet, brushing your thumb across his cheekbone as you admired his features for a little while longer before making yourself let him go.

Family wasn’t always good but one of the most important lessons Steve had learnt over the last few years was that you could choose you your family was. It didn’t have to be defined by blood, he considered a bunch of kids who dragged him monster hunting more of his family than the people who brought him life. He got attached quickly, gravitating towards those who made him feel less of a bad person and there were almost no one who could do that like you could, if that didn’t make you family then he didn’t know what did.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi! If you are enjoying this series please be sure to give me a kudos and comment, also go check out my Tumblr as I post plenty of content over on there! Thanks a bunch!

7. Prompt Seven: Laughter.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Seven, Laughter: Your OTP making each other laugh. Jokes? Stories? Tickle fights?"

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"You are too competitive for your own good." If there was one thing that you disliked about Steve, it was that when a challenge was placed in front of him he just couldn't say no. It had been his idea to go out to this party, your first one as a couple and you'd had the pleasure of watching as he proceeded to take part in a drink off. Typical teenage boy behaviour took place and after enough alcohol to make you question his sanity and safety, Steve was the winner and got his ego boosted significantly as everyone cheered and continued their rambunctious behaviour. That led you to where you were now, drunkenly stumbling out of the house with your boyfriend clinging drunkenly to you.

"And you're pretty, too pretty. Seriously, how the fuck..." Steve's sentence drifted off as he lost his train of thought, instead becoming more focused on not falling face first down onto the pavement as you helped him down the steps leading down towards where Jonathan's car was. With Steve in no state to be driving and you having to look after him, getting someone else to drive him home was probably going to be the best idea of the night. You'd only met Jonathan a few times but he seemed like a genuinely good person which was why he was who you went to first, he too had been dragged to the party with no real want to be there so he wasn't too desperate to stay.

"Thanks for doing this. I promise it'll only take a few minutes, Nancy won't even know you left." You smiled at Jonathan who returned a small smile before waiting patiently as you fished Steve's car keys out of his pocket and then threw them over, thankfully you weren't having to carry all of Steve's weight on you but you were itching to just shove him into the backseat rather than having to support him for any longer; it was all his choice to get into this situation after all.

Jonathan unlocked the car and you immediately opened the backseat door, practically pushing Steve in there and closing the door before walking around to the other side.

Luckily Steve's house wasn't far away so you weren't too worried about him, mostly because while you knew he clearly was drunk there was also a part of him that liked to play things up, he was a drama queen at best so there was no doubt in your mind that he wasn't actually as drunk as he was acting. You didn't question him about this though, the response you knew you'd get while funny might scare Jonathan off from ever helping you out again and with Steve's incapability to say no to competition, you doubted this would be the last time you needed his help. After getting your seatbelt on and double checking that Steve had put on his as he was known to occasionally favour going without it (he always made you put yours on though, that was just the rules of the passenger) Jonathan then pulled out onto the road and started driving with your directions in the back of his mind.

"Hey...hey look at me." You tried to ignore Steve just so he would stay quiet and sit there peacefully until you got him home but of course he didn't want that and instead reached over and grabbed your jaw, not hard but hard enough to make you turn your head to face him. The look of concentration on his face was almost comical considering how out of it he was, slowly Steve let go of your chin so he could squeeze your cheeks, puckering up your lips so that he could lean in and kiss you. However the second you allowed yourself to enjoy the kiss was also the second that you felt Steve start to laugh against your lips, trying to muffle it ut failing.

"What are you laughing at?" You scolded and went to pull away but Steve whined like a hurt puppy, he might as well stuck his bottom lip out and batted his eyelashes as that was how desperate he sounded. You highly doubted that Jonathan would go back to the party and recall all of this to Nancy as why would that benefit him but you still felt a little awkward being so blatantly affectionate in front of him. Steve however didn't care at all, he'd forgotten who was even driving as he was so caught up in trying to kiss you, get you closer to him in general.

"Y'just looked funny. Not bad funny, good funny- kissable funny!"

Steve quickly clarified after realising what he said could have been misconstrued but he took the opportunity of you being speechless to lean in and kiss you, the kiss was messy and slightly off centred but neither of you cared that much. He didn't stop there, after kissing you on the lips he continued across to your cheek and then down your jaw and neck, nuzzling you just below your jawline. "How don't you smell like beer? We were surrounded by so much beer? You should smell like it..."

For the rest of the short journey Steve mumbled against your neck all these attempts of romance and flattery that just made you cackle, over exaggerated compliments and things along those lines that he knew would make you laugh. It was one of his favourite sounds in the world, that night where he got you to laugh so hard that you cried played back in his mind whenever he was having a rough day and the sound echoing around in his head always made him feel better. By the time that Jonathan arrived at Steve's house you were having to push him away from you and were close to wiping tears away from the corners of your eyes. You thanked Jonathan before clambering out of the car, feeling as though you had somehow gotten contact-drunk or something by the way that you stumbled around the car to open the door for Steve.

"Just get him inside safe." Jonathan offered another small smile and watched as you pulled Steve from the car by both his hands, then looping one arm around his waist and another around his neck before pushing the door closed with your foot. Steve turned back and said something to Jonathan about leaving his car back outside the house where the party took place so he could go get it tomorrow before turning back around and letting you lead him towards his house. A few small giggles spluttered out from both your lips as you stumbled on the grass, almost tipping over but quickly recovering and making it onto the pavement. You weren't sure how many parties you were going to go to after the events of the night but you knew one thing, Steve knew how to make you laugh like no one else.

8. Prompt Eight: First Kiss.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Eight, First Kiss: Exactly what it sounds like—make a piece inspired by/about your OTP's first kiss."

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"Sometimes you have good ideas." You mumbled as you got out of Steve's car reluctantly and walked around to the front, the bitter nighttime air brought up all the individual hairs on your arms swiftly followed by the goosebumps. Before your boyfriend had thrown rocks up at your window in what could only be described as a failed attempt of romance, you had been tucked away in the warmth and comfort of your bed. There were few things worse in your opinion that having to get out of bed after settling down but Steve was consistent and eventually you had to pull yourself away from the desire to sleep to go open the window to see what it was he wanted.

After a lot of hushed persuading, you were sneaking out of your house still in your pyjamas and wrapped up in your coat, wondering why you hadn't just told Steve to go home. It wasn't that you didn't want to see him, you just didn't want to get in trouble if you were caught sneaking out and you were exhausted from the long day at school. Still, he was excited about whatever it was he wanted to show you and it was like trying to be mad at a cute puppy - impossible. As quietly as possible, you clambered into his car and sat there grumpily as Steve began to drive out of the small neighbourhood and you hoped that none of your neighbours were awake and didn't end up ratting you out to your parents.

"You're finally appreciating me!" Steve hugged his jacket a little tighter to him as he glanced around your surroundings, he had drove out into the forest as he'd stated that for whatever reason the stars were clearer in the sky, you didn't fully believe him as it felt more like a lovers lane but he'd been in Hawkins longer than you had so you had no choice to believe him. You watched as he hopped onto

the hood of his car and leant back so that his head was resting on the windscreen, resting his arms behind him and stretching his legs out just to make a point of how comfortable he was. Only after sighing did you climb up beside him, scooting back until you too were laid out.

“You didn’t let me finish. Sometimes you have good ideas, other times you have ideas like this.” Steve rolled his eyes and threw an arm around your shoulder, bringing you closer to him both for warmth and simply because he wanted to before you both looked up to the night sky. It turned out that he was right after all, the spot he’d found gave a perfect clear view of the stars in all their glory, the privacy of being able to view them alone and not in town was also appreciated, the moment felt peaceful and clearly very special. There are somethings that as they happen you can just tell you’ll look back on those memories with longing and that was exactly how you felt.

For a few minutes neither of you said a thing, simply admiring the sight before you in a silence that was not awkward. It was rare that you got a quiet moment with Steve, you were both either teasing the other about something or just chatting away aimlessly about anything and everything but silence wasn’t something you ever really craved when around him. One of the things you liked most were the conversations you shared, dancing aimlessly around banter back and forth but being able to be quiet around someone and have it be completely natural was also something you could admire. Eventually Steve tore his eyes away to look at you, taking in the little details like the newly red tip of your nose from the cold and the delicate peach fuzz standing up right for the same reason.

When you realised that Steve wasn’t looking at the stars and instead was looking at you it was then your turn to look away, turning to face him you realised how close he actually was to you, your noses practically brushing as you adjusted your position on his car. The silence continued as neither knew what to say, thoughts rushed and bounced around your head as you tried to collect them but there was only one thing going through Steve’s mind. While you hadn’t been dating for that long, it was long enough in his opinion that you should have kissed already. It wasn’t even that you’d expressed not being ready, the right situation had just never come around and

while he'd kissed you on the cheek a few times he had never even gone for kissing you on the lips.

"I'm going to be a gentleman and ask first." Steve muttered and you just nodded softly, it wasn't difficult to work out what he was about to ask considering how close you were to one another and from the way his eyes darted down to glance at your lips. Part of you wanted to just kiss him already instead of just waiting but another part wanted to hear him ask, it was only adding to the already romantic night (not that you'd tell him that though, it would just give him more ideas to drag you out of bed.) "Can I kiss you?" You could feel his fingertips brushing ever so slightly across the curve of your jaw, the ghost of a touch made you shiver more than the cold was and it also gave you the confidence to nod your head in response to Steve's question.

Steve smiled, with the hand that had been gently brushing against your jaw he instead cupped it lightly within his palm, cradling your face and keeping it in place - as if you would leave for anything right now. The wait while only a few seconds felt like torture, when he finally did lean in you swore your heart started pounding twice as fast. His lips felt so soft against your own, everything from the way he touched you to the little hum he let out was soft, it was perfect and sweet and innocent, words you hadn't thought you'd ever associate with Steve Harrington after you first learnt what a player he had been in the past.

"Knew this was just a ploy to make out with me." You mumbled into the kiss, causing Steve to try to muffle his laugh. That hadn't been his plan but he wasn't about to get mad you weren't checking out the stars he'd worked so hard to find the perfect spot for, he was happy being sprawled out on his car with you by his side, your hand finding its way to his cheek to gently cup as you continued to share sweet kisses. If you had wanted to stop him from making you come out with him then this was the wrong tactic all together, now he was just more determined to get his lips on yours whenever he could, even if that meant sneaking you out of your home in the dead of the night.

9. Prompt Nine: Thirdwheeling.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Nine, Thirdwheeling: Your OTP plus a third wheel. Is it awkwardly quiet, or chaotically crazy?"

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It had become common place for Steve to drive you home after school, in reality it was easier for him to just let you walk to and fro from school since he had to drive longer than usual to pick you up but to him it was worth it. He liked those extra few minutes at the beginning of the day, it put him in an infinitely better mood when he got to see how you were doing and chat about quite literally anything. The last thing you wanted was to be a bother but you loved those car rides equally as much as Steve did, you even pretended that you didn't know he purposefully took the long route to your house when driving you home so that he got to spend more time with you.

You noticed that one day after school Steve was driving in the opposite direction from your house yet was talking with you like normal, asking about your last class and whether or not you were free at the weekend to come help him study. It wasn't until he pulled up in front of the local middle school that you knew that he hadn't just taken a extra long route to take you home. Because you had to stay behind for a hour for extra tutoring (Steve knew you'd volunteered for it but loved teasing you about his goody-two shoes being kept behind in detention) everyone including the kids at the middle school had left, so you didn't know why he had driven all the way there.

"Sorry, I promised I'd pick them up from AV Club- hey, get in!" Steve leant over and yelled out of your window when the front doors to the school opened up and Mike, Will, Max and Dustin and Lucas walked out, pulling their backpacks back on and hurrying down the stairs then towards the car. Will's mom was parked in front of you waiting to pick him up since he lived further away than the rest of the kids, you didn't question why she couldn't drive the rest home. There were

only three seats in the back and yet they all managed to shove themselves in, Mike volunteered to go without a seatbelt like a reflex you whipped around to look at him, not fond of the idea at all. If Steve had just told you that he had to take the kids home then you would have walked home, it would have made far more sense that way.

“Hey, (Y/N).” Dustin said casually, almost smugly and you knew immediately what he was so damn pleased about, you sighed and turned back around to face forward as the other boys sighed and rummaged around in their pockets for coins. This had become a running theme with them, placing bets on whether or not Steve would bring you along with him wherever he went. They loved to exaggerate how much time you spent together, the main reason you were often called up as backup when he had to deal with the kids was because he didn’t trust himself to say no to them, last time he was left alone with he ended up fighting a bunch of otherworldly monsters because of that (he still hadn’t told you about any of that, it wasn’t exactly the easiest topic to breech and he also didn’t want to get you involved.)

“Stop betting on where I take my girlfriend, do you want to walk home?” Steve turned around and glared at the boys, you couldn’t stop yourself from smiling at how much of mom he sounded, next he was going to threaten to ground them for the week and take away their allowance. Not wanting to walk home, they all quieted their grumbling down but once Steve looked back forward again they continued to hand their coins over to Dustin. They had been certain that this time he was going to be alone, and it wasn’t as though they were making these bets because they disliked you, if anything in certain aspects they preferred you. It was just fun, plus it got Steve annoyed which made it even funner.

One by one, he drove each kid to their house and waited for them to get inside safely before driving away. He first dropped Mike off and asked him to see how Nancy was doing and tell him when they next saw one another, after their breakup things became sort of awkward and Nancy drifted away and Steve didn’t blame her for that, he did however still care about her and that only made you love him more. Mike just rolled his eyes and said okay before saying goodbye to his friends and heading inside. Then was Lucas, he said a mumbled and

awkward goodbye to Max in particular which had her and Dustin rolling their eyes. He hurried inside before his mom could get mad at him for being late for dinner.

Dustin was next and Steve made sure that he knew to tell his mom that he appreciated the pie that she'd baked him (in response to Steve becoming somewhat like a big brother figure to Dustin, you didn't know much about his home life but you did know his dad wasn't around and so it was nice for him to have a older male influence) and that it was the best he'd had. Dustin put two fingers to his forehead and saluted in response, pulling his heavy backpack back onto his shoulder then saying bye to you and Max who was left alone in the back of the car. Whenever he could, Steve left taking Max home until last because he knew she hated it there, the longer he could keep her safe the better.

"He's not started again, has he?" You asked hesitantly as Max stared out the window towards her house, if you had to live with two abusive assholes then you wouldn't want to go home either but there was nowhere else she could go. At least Billy knew to stay away from her, all the encounters you'd had with him had been more than awful, the guy didn't give anyone a single shred of respect but he could fake it if they had something he wanted. No one deserved to be in a household like that but it wasn't an excuse to target children because you hurt on the inside.

"No, but he will." Max said quietly, he might not have been acting on his intense dislike for her but she could still feel it, feel his glares whenever they passed one another and the tension vibrating through the air to her whenever he drove her to school. She looked down when she felt someone softly hold her hand, then looking up to meet your sad smile. Steve had also turned round in his seat to face her, he'd promised that if he ever tried to hurt her or any of the other kids again that he would take care of it, even if she was twice as scary than he was with the bat which made her laugh.

"Not on my watch." Steve said softly and Max made herself believe him, nodding her head and letting out a gentle exhale before grabbing her bag and climbing out of the car. You both sat there quietly watching as Max walked slower than the rest to her front door, she paused outside the door for a few moments before

straightening her posture and walking inside. Once she was inside Steve turned his focus back to the road and started to drive while you looked back on her house, hoping that keeping her in your thoughts would in some way make her just that little bit happier.

The ride to your house wasn't long but it felt infinitely quieter without the kids in the back, Steve didn't try to talk to you because while it was both a blessing and a curse, he seemed to always know what you were feeling and how you weren't in the mood to just chat aimlessly right now. He pulled up outside your house and once he was parked the first thing he did was reach over and grab your hand, holding it gently within his own while rubbing his thumbs over your knuckles. It hadn't been his intentions to drag you along into his now permanent babysitter role but he couldn't deny that you were so good with them, better at empathising and comforting than he ever hoped he could be. It warmed him more than he would admit, little did he know that you felt the same about him.

"I'll call you later." He said simply before leaning over and giving you a quick peck on the lips, then another right after on your cheek. One kiss was just never enough and you weren't complaining, you'd happily take all the kisses from him. Like all the kids had done before, you nodded your head in understanding before clambering out of his car and around the front but when you walked in front of the hood Steve took the opportunity to honk his horn, causing you to practically jump out of your skin. You could hear his laughter from within the car as you stormed past, flipping your middle finger up at him as you stormed down the path. "Hey, naughty girl!"

"Why did you have to ruin the moment!"

10. Prompt Ten: Flustered.

Notes for the Chapter:

"Day Ten, Flustered: Your OTP being flustered. It could be one member, it could be both."

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"Do you have anything I could wear?" Steve looked up from the book he was reading- the one you'd made him read and he was actually quite enjoying and looked across to you. You were crouched down going through your bag trying to find your pyjamas, his parents were out of town which meant you were going to "have a sleepover at your best friend's house" and "have a girls night" or at least that's what your parents thought. Never in a million years would you thought that you'd be out sneaking to a boy's house to spend the night, lying to your parents so that they didn't know you had a boyfriend because that just never was the sort of person you were. It wasn't bad, it was even a little exciting, the fear that they would find out was still there of course but it was worth it.

Steve furrowed his eyebrows in confusion at you and what you were asking which resulted in you rolling your eyes and showing him the inside of your back, and the lack of pyjamas inside. After staring blankly for a few seconds he realised what you were asking him and scooted over to the edge of his bed, folding the page he was on before tossing the book down and standing up. You waited patiently on the floor with your hands in your lap as he rummaged through his chest of drawers, soon enough pulling out some old t-shirt and pair of sweatpants and handing them over to you.

You waited until he was laying back on his bed with his attention on his book before standing up, part of you was saying to go get changed in the bathroom and save yourself the embarrassment of stripping out of your clothes in front of Steve but then again, he hadn't exactly been silent about how much he liked your body. You hadn't ventured past the occasional heavy petting session and weren't planning to tonight but he could be an extremely complimentary guy,

he didn't have to show you if he could instead tell you. You weren't taking your clothes off for him but just knowing he wouldn't be grossed out or something if he glanced up from his book was comforting.

He wasn't stupid, despite what some may say, just because you hadn't explicitly told him not to look it didn't mean that you wanted him to. It wasn't like he didn't want to though, he had only felt the dips and curves of your body through fabric, occasionally catching glimpses of the small of your back when you raised your arms in a shorter shirt. The last thing he wanted to do was rush things by accident and scare you away, he wasn't exactly used to waiting this long for things to process in that matter but for you he knew he wait for however long it took for you to feel ready. The words on the page were starting to get blurry when out of the corner of his eye he could see that you had just taken off your shirt and he noticed the absence of the bra strap coming across your back.

It was difficult to get Steve Harrington flustered. He'd seen and heard it all and yet here he was, his face heating up from what must have been the tiniest glance he'd taken of your bare back. Perhaps it was because it was so rare to see this side of you, one of the things he loved most about you was the wholesomeness that seemed to encompass your whole being, a friendly smile and a bat of your eyelashes and his mind hardly ever wandered past anything purely innocent. Here you were half naked in his room though, it would be a lie to say that he was always filled with the purest of thoughts, he was a teenage boy and was it so bad that on some lonely nights you were the subject of his late night fantasies?

So it was true, you really could feel someone's gaze on your skin when you weren't looking. It wasn't as though you could feel them boring into you, just the occasional glance over and each time you felt your breath get caught in your own throat. The shirt he had handed you was being clutched in your right hand, for a few seconds you were too caught up in the moment to even put it on but it soon hit you that you couldn't stand shirtless in Steve's room forever. You were just about to put it on when you heard a soft exhale from behind you, a sigh of wonder but also also trying to be discreet. It took courage you didn't think you had within you but you looked

over your shoulder to your boyfriend who was still laid out on his bed.

Steve didn't know whether or not he should look away when he saw you turning to look at him, his first instinct was to divert his eyes back down to the book but he didn't. Instead, his gaze met yours when you looked to him and he got what he considered the pleasure of watching your cheeks flood with colour. He was surprised to see you not turn your head back around immediately, you held his gaze and said nothing, you supposed no words needed to be said when his face said it all. You weren't the only one blushing, you could see the rosiness of his features that had been brought about because of you, it gave you a strange sense of pride that you could make Steve Harrington of all people get flustered.

It was Steve who looked away first, swallowing the lump in his throat before looking back down at the book he now had now interest in considering you were standing in front of him half naked. Of course the more inappropriate thoughts had popped into his head but softer ones followed, like how he wanted to run his hands across the expanse of your back, to just feel the warmth radiating off of you and to learn each supposedly small insignificant mark. He wanted that more than anything he'd ever yearned to touch before, but he kept his thoughts tucked away because it was your call to make. Waiting for that day to come while tiring would be worth it, Steve knew that.

After turning back around you finally slipped the shirt Steve had given you on, it was pretty baggy on him which meant it was even baggier on you. It made taking your jeans off less of a big deal since the shirt covered everything up and it wasn't as though a glimpse of your calves was going to be the most erotic thing to be seen. Besides, the sweatpants he'd also given you got put on soon after and much like the shirt they were oversized and you had to roll them up at the bottom so they weren't in the way. You quickly threw your clothes over to your bag before turning around to walk back to Steve's bed, he might have been trying to look like he was reading but you knew that look of concentration and this time he was faking it.

"Nice try." You said with a smile before pulling the book away from him, making sure to fold the corner of the page he was on before placing it down on his bedside table. For a few seconds Steve looked

genuinely confused before it clicked and his features softened, he gave you a soft smile before looping his arms around your waist and pulling you close. His chest pressed up against yours as you lay comfortably between his spread legs.

“You got me.” Steve sighed dramatically while his hands slowly explored your hips and the small of your back, he was a touchy person by nature and found it difficult to keep his hands off of you; luckily you didn’t mind it in the slightest, in fact you welcomed it. “What can I say, I guess I got distracted.” Even though he was trying to play it cool, like he wasn’t nearly as flustered as he actually was, you still could see the red gracing his cheeks and could feel his heart beating faster in his chest. Before you could reply with some witty remark in response he planted a kiss on your cheek and started his journey from there, travelling down to your jawline and then your neck, making sure to take his time.

“I know the feeling...” You managed to get out despite being utterly preoccupied by the attention being paid to your neck and the hungry hands gripping your hips. This was one of the many benefits of Steve having parents who went out of town so very often, it wasn’t like things were going to go much further than this but that didn’t mean you were in a bad place, without much second thought you’d happily take doing only this for the rest of your life even if it meant not getting your pants off. Of course you didn’t tell Steve that, his ego didn’t need any more of a boost right now, especially when you felt him smirk against your neck after hearing how breathless you were. Yeah, now you were comfortable things could really begin.